

# Louisiana Democrat.

E. R. BLOSSAT,.....EDITOR

OFFICE—CORNER OF  
SECOND AND ELLIOT STS.

## Our Agents.

Thomas McIntyre,.....New Orleans  
J. Curtis Waldo,..... " "

S. M. Pettengill & Co.,.....New York

ALEXANDRIA, LA.

Wednesday,.....April 22, 1874.

## NOTICE!

THE CEREMONY OF LAYING THE  
CORNER STONE OF SAINT JAMES'  
CHURCH WILL TAKE PLACE ON  
SATURDAY, THE 25TH OF APRIL.

## The Mails.

Surely our situation, as a community, in this State, and a dependency on Uncle Sam, is not mending fast, and is continually growing from bad to worse. Here we are without a single paper, North, East, South or West, to hand by our mails, whose contractors are well and regularly paid, for the past ten days, and from present appearances no man can begin to guess when we will be graciously favored with such bounties. All the hacks and stages have turned in and turned out their steeds, all owing to some water said to be in the road between this and the Mouth. We are sorry to say that the excuses set up for these failures, are not altogether valid, and with the proper energy, good will and half management, none of these continued and systematic failures would occur. What we fail to see in this mysterious matter is, that the Way Mail, as it is called, which starts from the Wharfboat reaches here regularly and never has failed. Now we would like to know if the way mail is taken from the wharfboat regularly and reaches here, as often as due, why can't the regular mail be taken in and out of the wet and brought here likewise? This needs explanation and we should like to hear defence for such dereliction of duty.

However, we learn, our fellow-townsmen, Col. N. L. McGinnis, the agent of our Dr. Peterson, is now on the route on business specially connected with our grievances and will remedy this growing evil; we hope for much better mail luck from this time out.

☞ We have once more to our deep regret, to announce a continued and abominable series of rains, perfect pocket editions of old Noah's flood, which have ever fallen to the sad lot of poor Rapides. The whole face of the earth is drenched, overflowed, the ditches and drains all running over, the roads impassable and crops of all kinds in such a fix, that we care not to tell how bad. As we write, Monday morning, the sun has at last come out from its long hidden place, and we believe there is some signs of fair weather ahead. Any change will be for the better, but all signs now a days fail, so we must not crow till we are clean out of the woods.

☞ Ferguson & Schnack, Jewellers and Dealers in all kinds of fancies and wares, on Front Street, have just received and opened a select and rich assortment of silver and plated ware, of the very latest style and finish; and now, more than ever, offer renewed inducements to their many customers. Prices and terms to suit the occasion and the terms.

☞ The latest news from New Orleans, concerning the overflow of the Mississippi, is frightful and disastrous! The rich districts of Lafourche, Terrebonne and Attakapas are entirely submerged by the break in Grand Levee, and all hope of their vast and promising crops is entirely destroyed.

☞ Since our mail article, we are glad to know that the Selma, on Monday, brought up all the loose mail matter, which had been pickling on the Wharfboat. Thanks for so much forethought.

## Pocket Money.

The Delta, Madison Parish, Vindicator, a Radical journal of no mean pretensions, and whose editor is one of the "truly loil" leaders and party managers, is again out in an article in its issue of the 4th inst., asserting most positively that the act to repeal the Free Market bill, had been passed over Kellogg's veto by bribery of members of the late Legislature—and actually publishes the yeas and nays in the House and Senate, in full, on the question of passing the repeal bill over the veto.—As the Vindicator is so persistent and positive in making the charge of bribery and corruption, we think it will do no harm to publish and preserve the vote as presented by the editor of the Vindicator:

House—Yeas—Allain, Armstead, Antoine, Bowman, Boyd, Blackstone, Boatner, Bickman, Butler, Carey, Conathton, Cousin, Dimes, D. C. Davis, Decker, Devezin, Dejoie, Elliott, Fontellen, Fernandez, Forstall, Greene, Grant, Guichard, Harris, Heffner, Hubert, P. Jones, M. Jones, Keating, Kirkman, Lenyon, Kern, D. King, Keys, Lewis, Langles, Landry, Lawes, Murrell of Lafourche, Mahouy, Mayo, Marie, Montaldo, Nichols, Peyton, Page, Prevost, Raby, Souer, Sawyer, Stewart, Simms, Smith, Sutton, Sewell, Thomas, Thompson, Williams, J. P. Wilson, D. Wilson, Workm and Ward—68.

Nays—Bryant, Benham, Barrow, Cocerham, Davidson, R. B. Davis, Dumont, Gair, Hill, Hahn, Johnson, V. O. King, Little, Marvin, Mareland, Murrell of Madison, Martinet, Norris, Price, Prescott, Rochon, Rodrigues, Sartain, Smart, Tureaud—25.

SENATE—Yeas—Anderson, Barber, Belden, Blackburn, Blunt, Boyce, Burch, Butler, Cage, Chadburne, Daigle, Glaudin, Green, Harris, Harper, Henry, Ingraham, Kelso, Mafiscot, Pollard, Rey, Stamps, Swaine, Thomas, Whitney—25.

Nays—Alexander, Brewster, Crawford, Detiege, Sypher, Twitchell, Webster, Wharton—8.

A slight glance at the four names we have "small capped" will show the status of the Rapides Honorables.

The Vindicator further asserts that when the executive veto of the repeal bill was sent to the Legislature, "there was not one member of either House who did not know that money had been, and was being used to secure its passage" over the veto. This is certainly plain talk, but it is followed up by words still more emphatic and pointed:

"And as another matter of record, we here affirm: that we heard persons offer bribery for votes on this same substitute to the original bill of 1873, and further: We challenge any member who voted for the bill to force us to produce the proof."

Now all this fine and strictly honest doings on the part of the Bayonet Legislature, conceived in iniquity, cradled in fraud and matured in infamy, is only following in the footsteps of illustrious precedents, sanctioned and cherished by Louisiana radicalism ever since its advent in our poor State and we only add another link to the corrupt chain in placing the above on record.

☞ Some fresh hell has been inaugurated in Arkansas, which we can't now, from our present stand point unravel; we are so behind in papers, that our only gleaming into this new hell is from the latest dispatches, which contains, "General Order No. 1" from Tom P. Dockery, Brigadier General and Military Governor of the City of Little Rock. This has the old inquisition ring about it, and when we can further fathom the depths of the affair, we will let our readers know all about it.

LOUISIANA QUESTION.—On the 17th, the Louisiana question was up before the Senate, and Tipton, of Nebraska, had the floor and made his speech in our favor; he closed it by "declaring that there was a conspiracy on the part of Kellogg and his associates to steal the State of Louisiana."

☞ The river is still uncomfortably high; has fallen and risen alternately the past week; at the present writing is about on a stand and three inches below the highest water mark of this season. The tendency is to fall, and nothing but continued rains will keep her coming up.

☞ From Monday to Monday without a boat arrival from New Orleans; pretty steep for an editor, who can't get his regular exchanges in the mails, and who has nothing in the home line to write about. Reader, consider our fix and make allowance accordingly.

☞ Senator West keeps us well supplied with the Congressional Record.

## Dashes Here and There.

—Our Caucasian friends are in fine trim and plight, despite the awful weather, and have darted another partisan arrow from their well filled quiver right to the centre of the Jury drawing, and we think somebody is hurt; at least we must hallucinatingly imagine so till the cigar box mystery is removed and unravelled.

—The appointment of our friend, McGimpsey, to an office which he can but ably and honorably fill, although well received by the people at large, has created some editorial stir and all the old musty books of lawyerdom have been searched in explanation of this modest Governor's commission, and hard chopping seems the order of the vigilant quill drivers. We fancy Mc. is unaware that he merits such honorable notoriety.

—Another question much mooted and fibbed about, still hangs fire, and more than one shot has been fired in explanation thereof, only to more and more mystify the affair. Our friends, Snellings and Osborn, the honorable ousted by Kellogg and some one else, are still prominent on the stage of discussion of our fourth estate, and some time between the present writing and our next turkey carving may be settled.

—Blackstone, not him of great Commentary and Legal fame, but an ex-member of the recent Bayonet concern, from our sister, old Natchitoches, has come to his last grief, folded his tent, drapery and all; and by a revolver's bullet sent to the last home of all sinners here below. Alas! we knew him not, but fame's true trumpet blast sounded but few good notes in his favor, whilst he lived and ruled. The Democrat places his departure hence on record and thus announces partly the deliverance of our people from further evil on that train.

—The Caucasian and our humble old Journal, both working and struggling in the same glorious cause, the vindication of the rights of our true people, have come to rejoice at the sunbeams, which flash in their path to shed further light ahead. Two wings of our colored folks of Rapides, have locked horns on some knotted questions, and had to turn to the fourth estate for redress and a hearing before their constituency, and to further these laudable aims have given their patronage and the vindication of their cause to the columns of the two democratic and conservative Journals of our Town. This is no mean compliment to the Caucasian and the Democrat, and plainly shows where our colored people have to turn when in trouble.

One of Colfax's lively and spirited officials has broke on the dull monotony of our little Alexandria Town, during our awfully dull siege of last week, has caused many of our people to see Colfax as we have preached her on more than one occasion, and held her mirror up to nature, and our second edition of McMickle had a chance to see himself as other people see him. Our hero reached here on the Lessie Taylor on last Wednesday morning, in charge of the "gemman of color," of whose deeds a special correspondent of our's will inform our readers, and in due course of exchange of courtesies with Sheriff De Lacy, handed over his bird, who was lodged in the Parish Hotel, until further orders. Colfax's official being now freed of his sable brother, took to himself while thus unburdened, to enjoy the social convivialities for which Alexandria is justly noted, and made the acquaintance of many of the boys, whose company he enjoyed hugely, as for him it was quite a good and exuberant change over the dullness and the pall of his own noted Hellfax.

So things went merrily and time jogged on pleasantly, till our official remembered he had performed only a half duty yet, for to make a whole of it, he had to take colored Shivers back to Colfax, still here for the small offence of murder, there to undergo a sham trial before old hard sweaver Register, Parish Judge, so-called. The Selma being expected up early Thursday morning, our official as a matter of business precaution, receipted for Shivers, took him out of Jail, placed a pair of bracelets on him and had Shivers for company the balance

of the day at the Exchange Hotel, and actually Shivers was so pleased that he accommodately consented to act as valet de chambre for Colfax's Deputy Sheriff. These little specialties of prisoner Shivers and the continued socials of the boys made the Deputy happy and he felt his oats hugely—this oat feeling created a better sensation in him as he often, nay too often, crooked his elbow, threw his cranium back, from which dangled locks of ambrosial hues, and alas! old tangle-foot had drawn his anaconda coils around him, and our Deputy and guest was doomed and had crossed the Rubicon. The tale, with moral, is soon furnished—the Selma failed to come to time, the official failed to take Shivers back to Jail—tanglefoot had full possession of the Deputy, Shivers saw and knew it, and without a farewell, left for parts unknown and Register won't try him soon and—Deputy feels like an ante-bellum free negro at a race track, with a powder dollar in his pocket, and can't bet.

## The Regatta.

We are pleased to note that the dead energies for sport, fun and innocent frolic of our almost dead population, have again broken loose in a fresh place, and we are once more on the good old track of pleasing enjoyments. Last Sabbath proved this sensibly to our too long dormant senses, and we place on record the fact of our new departure. The old ones and young ones of Alexandria and Pineville, opened a sweepstakes skiff race, if we are permitted to use the term in a nautical sense, one day last week, to come off on Sunday, entrance money, the modest sum of two and half dollars, cash down and no grumbling. The ball was soon in motion, and the stakes filled with the following five entries: Laura C. Singer, Red; Hard Times, Blue; One Armed Lewis, White; Black Cloud, Black, and Last Chance, Red Crescent. A great deal of excitement and some light betting took place from the start, the White flag and Black flag being favorites from the jump at some odds; all however had staunch friends and backers. The evening proved a good, sunshiny one, the first almost of this present month, our miserable clerk of the weather condescending to smile on our sport just for luck. Soon the judges had arranged the boats in line of battle, as we have named them; the people, men, women and children lined the levee from the mouth of the Bayou, the starting place, to a point opposite the Pineville bull pen, distance one mile, and soon, amid shouts and waving of handkerchiefs, they receive a fair send off and are off at full stroke. Now the interest and excitement increase and eager eyes watch their favorites. Soon, nay too quick is the sport and excitement over, and shout after shout go up in the air and Pineville's black craft is the first to pass the judge's line; time 6 minutes and 5 seconds! The following is the result, or positions as they came out: Black Cloud, Red Crescent, Red, Blue, White.

In conclusion we cannot too often recommend to our people the absolute necessity for more efforts, in behalf of all such sports and recreations; we need them, should be more social and gather around the circle of fun, merriment and enjoyments oftener, and enjoy life, while it lasts here below. We trust another regatta will be at once inaugurated.

☞ Very little trouble this week, to express thanks to our steamboat friends, for late New Orleans papers. Short horse soon curried, so here goes many such to Charlie Drown of our Lessie Taylor, may his shadow never grow bigger! And likewise to Tom Jacobs, of the Selma, for similar remembrance.

☞ William Hustmyre has just returned from New Orleans, on our Packet, the Lessie Taylor, and purchased a fresh and complete assortment of eatables of all sorts and kinds, as well as notions, dry goods, &c.; in fact everything in his line; and is now ready to sell cheap for cash.

☞ The election in Massachusetts for a successor to Charles Sumner, has resulted, on the thirty-third ballot, in favor of W. B. Washburn.

## Special Correspondence of the Democrat.

COLFAX, LA.,  
April 19, 1874.

EDITOR DEMOCRAT—

DEAR SIR:—In reply to many inquiries concerning the recent attempt to murder the Tax Collector of this Parish, I will give you the substance of the confession made by Henry Tyler before Judge Register on the 9th inst. On the evening of the 7th, he, Tyler, Robert Lewis, Henderson Reed and Henry David put up a job to murder and rob the said Tax Collector, G. H. Radetzki, in order to obtain money to pay their passage to New Orleans. Three of the party, to-wit: Tyler, Lewis and Reed, went to Radetzki's house about midnight to accomplish their heinous design, but from some unaccountable cause deferred their bloody work till about daylight. Tyler appears to have been the one selected to do the job. He states that Lewis and Reed told him to go in the house and see if Radetzki was awake. He stepped on the gallery and called Radetzki, who answered him, asking who was there. He replied that he was one of the hands who worked for Peter Borland at Smithfield; was on his way home and would like to stay on the gallery until the approaching storm was over. Radetzki consented, got up and went outside; took some corn and fed his horse. In going from the house to the stable he passed close by where Lewis and Reed lay concealed. In the meantime (by Radetzki's permission) Tyler cut some wood and made a fire in the house. Radetzki returned, sat by the fire a few minutes and smoked his pipe, then went to bed. He tried to go to sleep, but was several times awakened by Tyler, asking him if he stayed there alone, and intended to stay there all the year, and such like questions. Tyler grew impatient as daylight was appearing, and went out to confer with his accomplices. Radetzki soon got into a doze of sleep. The trio consulted together, and it was determined that Tyler should return immediately and kill Radetzki with his own axe, while they would post themselves in the back room and rush in to his assistance, if needed. Accordingly he re-entered the room, and after asking the Tax man a few questions in a low tone and finding him asleep, he took the axe and struck the murderous blow. The blow did not have the desired effect, however, as it must have been a glancing stroke, and only aroused the sleeper. The murderer alarmed thereat, then thought of flight, but discerning the openings all closed and Radetzki in the act of rising, concluded to give the finishing touch; but owing to the nerve and muscular powers of the assaulted, who was sufficiently awake by this time to comprehend the situation, the axe descended only to be caught in the hands of its intended victim, and a scuffle then ensued for its possession, which soon resulted in the hasty flight of Tyler, his confederates working in the lead. Radetzki dressed himself and went to camp, bleeding like a stuck hog, and had his wound dressed.

Mr. Radetzki now walks the street with a defiant air, declaring himself to be "shoost so good as any tan niggers!" Radetzki's testimony fully corroborates the above, so far as his knowledge of the affair extends. Four parties were arrested upon the above charge, but there not appearing sufficient evidence to establish the guilt of any besides Tyler, the others were released on bond to appear before the District Court. Tyler wears his jewelry with becoming dignity and easy grace, and puts in his appearance at your Parish Hotel this week.

CITIZEN.

THAT STINK.—There is an awful stench, emanating from some putrid carcass or something else, near Front Street, not far from the Ferry Landing, which we trust parties interested will not be offended, if we think the balm of a thousand mashed garlics is a far better perfume.

☞ According to the N. O. Bulletin, 66 murderers, burglars, thieves and other criminals have been turned loose upon society, through the executive pardon of the De Facto.

☞ The Lessie Taylor goes down this day at 12 M., and the Selma on Saturday at the same hour.

☞ R. M. T. Hunter has been appointed Treasurer of the State of Virginia.

☞ When are eyes not eyes? When the wind makes them water.